

"To Many Girls Marry For Riches," Says Most Beautiful Girl On Screen Today



Katherine MacDonald.

BY PAUL M. SARAZAN.
NEW YORK, March 13.—"If girls would listen to their own hearts instead of asking the columbia board how much a man earns we'd have a happier world."

Yes, sir, Katherine MacDonald, adjudged by Neysa McMein and Howard Chandler Christy to be the most beautiful woman in the movies, claims that Dan Cupid's lost his grip under the mad rush for rich marriageable men.

Is Not So Fortorn.

But M. D. C. isn't so fortorn as he might be. Not when Katherine takes him under her wing—not while he

can dry his eyes on Kathryn's imported French hanky.

"People aren't marrying enough," says Miss MacDonald. "They've made a Bolshevik and a martyr out of Cupid. They've commandeered his bow and arrow and given him a machine gun."

"Can people marry in this day of high prices?" we asked the movie beauty. "Is it possible. Living's hard enough in this day—without loving."

Not Enough Love.

"That's the trouble with the world," she replied. "There's not enough love. High prices on eggs and clothing and inflated rents don't mean anything."

"Don't mean anything?" we gasped.

"Not a thing. Love will always find a way. The reason this country is in such a state of turmoil is because there's not enough love. When people marry and make homes they forget about reform and revolution. That well-known crown of thorns is today pressing against the brow of Dan Cupid."

"People should fight high prices by getting married," she continued. Bachelor girls make good stenographers, but they weren't on the Utopia census list. You'll never find a peaceful community composed of unmarried people. Our young folks will never have either happiness or wealth as long as they're unmarried."

Says the Red Flag.

"Then you won't advocate the red

flag as a means of making the world better," we joked.

"No sir," she said. Instead of a red flag I favor a bungalow with vines climbing up the porch to calm this country."

"But who's to blame for this non-marriage craze?" we asked.

"The girls," was the prompt verdict. "Every other unmarried girl in the country is waiting, waiting, waiting until some fellow earns enough money to make her a princess."

Should Marry.

"But what should these girls do?" The answer came immediately. "They ought to marry as plain American girls and let nice boys make queens out of them," answered the movie queen.

sidealong at Edith, at the ring, then straight across the square at the great Washington arch. Also he whistled, low and long and speculatively.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, still gazing across the park, "that the old boy over there on the arch ever told one like that? Hoopst Injun, where did you find it?"

Instantly Edith's tiny structure of deception collapsed. "I found it in the Grand Central station," she admitted penitently. "Is—is it yours?"

"Oh, no no," was the hasty rejoinder. "I bought it, though, for a friend. You'll find it marked, 'C. to E.; 2-11-5.' The C stands for my name Chester—Chester Barlow."

"And the E stands, I suppose, for the name of your fiancée?" Edith was carrying it off bravely.

"I hope so, very earnestly. It stands, you see, for Edith—oh, I peeked twice at letters you had been reading, for I had to know. And the numbers stand for the month, the day and the hour when we first met. It's yours. It has always been yours. Will you wear it—dear?"

And Edith is wearing it yet.

Preventive.

"Don't tell me that worry does not do any good," said Mrs. Frett. "I know better. The things I worry about don't happen."

We need Used Furniture to supply our Old Store, corner Jackson and Jefferson streets. You need New Furniture from our New Store, 221 Monroe street. Let us exchange. We also repair or store Furniture.

You will find a complete line of furniture, carpets, stoves, paint and wallpaper at our new store, 221 Monroe street.

See Denham First Co. 221 Monroe Street. Next to Woolworth's.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, N. E. A.)

I have about convinced myself that woman's prevailing sin is jealousy. I do not intend to be jealous of Bob. I do not wish to be jealous of him, nevertheless what he does—and what he does not do excite my suspicions. If he speaks of Katherine Miller, I am worried. If he fails to refer to her I distrust him.

What is the poor man to do? And what is his poor wife to do? If jealousy, obvious or unconfessed, is the chronic state of wives, what are they all to do?

I admit to myself, and I guess lots of wives will recognize the feeling, I admit that my jealousy is perfectly senseless. And then I keep right on torturing myself. I refer to it often in my confessions because it harasses me. It haunts me day and night. It haunts many other wives in just the same idiotic way, I am sure.

I am always imagining things about my husband which I would not have proved for all the world. And well for me, they never do prove true!

Bob, I suppose, is like scores of other men who have chronically jealous wives. Men are really much finer than jealous women fancy. It would be an awful world if men were no nicer than my theory about them—when I am cynical.

When I am fair I can name dozens of frank and honorable gentlemen who have a proper pride in their own decency, just as Bob has. Instinctively, they are much too nice to get mixed up in an unconventional love affair; some of them scorn a vulgar romance exactly as any nice woman would do. Some are too busy to play truant to lawful love—and some are too poor. The average wife's faith in her husband is safeguarded in countless ways, and if jealous wives would just count these ways over, occasionally, they would save themselves many a heart-break. And spare their poor defenseless husbands a lot of undeserved misery!

I am as tired of being jealous as I am of Chrys' ouija board. I consider them senseless, and still I cannot resist their attraction.

Next day another wireless vibrated above the waves of the Pacific and was picked up by the operator on the "Blue Bird." Bob sent it at Martha Palmer's request. The little lawyer had discovered that Chrys had never been legally married to Hamilton Certels. The license was a clever forgery and the ceremony had been faked. Martha couldn't have found this out while the war lasted, she said, but now that Certels was discredited in New York, his former associates and employees were eager to betray him!

We agreed that Chrys ought to have the truth about her marriage before she ran any chance of meeting Certels in Honolulu.

"How Chrys will loathe the news!" I said. "She hates to be deceived—except about spiritism. She is willing

to be divorced at the cost of great publicity, rather than learn that she has been coaxed into a mock wedding ceremony. How humiliated—and how furious she will be!"

"She'll rage," Bob agreed. "So would Dad—if he found it out. I've wired Chrys to keep the news from him. It might bring on another stroke of apoplexy. Or he might strangle Certels. And get the bunch tied up in Honolulu indefinitely. I'd like to get all the Lorimers under one roof again—and let 'em start all over along nice commonplace lines."

"I can't see Chrys doing ordinary things," I remarked. "And now she has a new motive for doing something most unusual. She will find some revenge for Certels' deceit. I feel sure."

"I hope not, my love," said Bob.

"You'll see! I shouldn't be at all surprised if she joined Katherine Miller in a little sleuthing."

"For the love of Mike, Jane stop your dreaming! Wake up!"

"You'll see," I repeated. "Chrys is desperate—and ready for any adventure because of that unfortunate affair with Jordan Spence. She never was conventional, you know. And she reads the queerest books! And consider her ouija 'controls.' If she lets herself go—you'll see!"

(To Be Continued.)

A new French farm tractor is never turned around while at work. It is a double ender and the driver merely changes his seats and the machine proceeds in the other direction.

Bischof

—a name that stands high where good apparel is worn

Suits From Bischof

WHEREVER quality is represented you will find Bischof Suits. But, you will NOT find higher prices than you like to pay for real style, fabric and workmanship excellence which explains why Bischof Suits are known as the utmost value money will buy. Our stocks embrace a great variety of Bischof Suits—a great variety of style made in rich materials and smartly trimmed—a great variety of prices for these desirable modes that so many women will be wearing before the season is much older.

Priced \$50.00 to \$125.00

Coats From Bischof

JUST to save you time when you go a-shopping, let us tell you that Bischof Coats are sold exclusively in our store. And we consider both you and ourselves mighty fortunate for there are no better values obtainable anywhere. Bischof Coats are made in all the wanted materials—in all the wanted styles of the present season—with all the wanted trimmings—and at prices you surely will want to pay.

Priced \$25.00 to \$85.00

Osgood's
for
Quality

"The Best Place to Shop, After All"

HAD ALREADY SERVED HIS SENTENCE—BY M. DUNNING.

